

## **Sappy** by **TragicBlackButterfly**

**Category:** It

**Genre:** Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eddie K., Richie T.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-10 10:19:11

**Updated:** 2017-10-22 15:19:49

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 01:47:26

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 4,500

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Sometimes Richie thought he would do anything to put a smile on Eddie's face. That was probably the medicine talking. Except he knew it wasn't. Based on a tumblr prompt because these two losers have consumed my life. Richie/Eddie

## 1. Sappy

*Character A is sick in bed and is using so many tissues they're not even aiming for the trash next to them. Character B comes in, sees the pile of used tissues, holds it up. "You didn't even get any in the basket!"*

Richie couldn't remember how he'd got there, but he was pretty damn comfortable. He was surrounded by blankets and pillows and a distinctly familiar and clean smell that made him feel right at home. He felt cared about. He felt loved. He felt...

Sappy. He felt fucking sappy. He tried to snort derisively, but he nearly choked on the mucus clogging up his nose.

Oh. Right. He was sick. Shit, no wonder he was so fucking sappy. He was probably all drugged up on Nyquil or some shit.

Remembering more now, he reached an arm out of his warm cocoon and grabbed at a tissue. He made a show of trying to blow his nose before he got tuckered out, wadding up the tissue and tossing it in the general direction of the trash can. He was pretty sure it went in.

Maybe getting sick would be good for him. He might find a hidden talent for sports inside him just waiting to be set free. He chuckled breathlessly and smiled to himself. He could hear the interview now.

*So, Richie Tozier, you've wowed thousands of fans with your unmatched skill. Your name is known in households all over America! Tell us, how did it all begin?* Richie imagined a man with one of those game show voices he always liked to imitate, all overenthusiastic but perfect to be heard over the scream of fans all vying for Richie's autograph.

And Richie would give them what they wanted, too. A winning smile and a wink at the camera, and he'd have girls in the audience screaming and fainting because he'd just be so damn hot. *Well, it all began when I got sick, and my Eds took care of me....*

He grinned deliriously. Yeah, that was how it would go. And Eds would do that cute thing where he would blush and glare and get all annoyed because Richie was talking about him on TV.

That was his Eds, though. Always cute.

Richie coughed, reaching for another tissue and hacking into it. Eds would appreciate that. Putting his nasty sick germs in a tissue and not releasing them into the air. Maybe he'd even get a smile from his Eddie Spaghetti.

Sometimes Richie thought he would do anything to put a smile on Eddie's face. That was probably the medicine talking. Except he knew it wasn't. Richie had been sporting a crush for the young hypochondriac for quite some time now, before the pact, before Niebolt house. Probably since the day they met. It just took a kid-eating clown with giant teeth to make him realize it.

Thinking of Pennywise gave Richie a headache, so he stopped. He tossed his tissue at the can again. Ten more points to Richie! Eds was gonna be so proud. His chest swelled at the thought of making Eddie proud.

Yeah, whatever shit he'd been forced to drink had made him sooo fucking sappy.

The door opened, and Eddie walked back into his room. Richie giggled at the sight of him wearing a doctor's mask and gloves, his brow furrowed in apprehension. He thought Eddie still looked like a dream, an honest to goodness dream. Maybe he was dreaming. Maybe Dream Eddie would come over and give him a nice smooch.

"Doctah, doctah, gimme the news, I've got a bad case of lovin' you!" Richie rasped, snickering to himself.

"Cut it out, you'll make your throat worse, dipshit," Eddie replied with a roll of his eyes. Then he groaned and walked over to the trashcan, his face scrunched up in disgust. "Dammit, Richie! You didn't even get any in the basket!"

"Well, there goes my dream of a sports career. Way to hit me while I'm down, Doctah K." He watched Eddie pick up the fallen wads of tissue and toss them moodily into the trash. "Least I still have my jokes, right Eds?"

"If that's what you call them." Eddie shrugged, but Richie could tell from his cheeks that he was smiling. "And I told you, don't call me that! I hate it when you call me that."

"Eddie. Eddie Spaghetti. My dearest, darling Eds. I'm dying. Don't lie to a man on his deathbed." He suppressed a cough, which was a bad idea. A new tissue appeared in his line of sight, and he accepted the offering to hack into. He wasn't sure what just came out of his throat, but he was pretty sure it wasn't natural. With a groan, he tossed the tissue, grinning for a moment when Eddie moved the trashcan to catch it.

"You're not on your deathbed, you idiot. You're just sick. The sooner you shut the hell up, the sooner you'll get better." Finished cleaning, Eddie walked over to the bed and put his hand on Richie's face. "Shit," he muttered, hesitating before he pulled the glove off his hand. His hand returned to Richie's forehead to check for a fever. "Your face is all hot."

"You're all hot!" Richie snapped back instantly, then grinned as if he'd made his most digging insult.

"And you're high on medication." Eddie grinned, and Richie admired how his eyes gleamed with amusement. Did Eddie's eyes always gleam like that? He was so distracted looking at Eddie's face that he didn't notice another cup filled with Nyquil being presented to him until it was right under his nose.

"What's this, Eds? I just woke up!" he sniffled, squirming away. He coughed a little from the exertion, and Eddie gave him a stern glare.

"Richie, you won't get better without medicine and rest," Eddie insisted, still trying to feed him the gross, cherry-flavored liquid nightmare. "Come on, it's not that bad. I'm sure you've put worse in that trashmouth of yours."

But this was Richie. Richie Tozier, who wouldn't go down without a fight. Without some dignity! So he raised his chin and wiped at the sweaty curls clinging to his forehead.

"Fine!" he declared, opting for an overdramatic, Spanish accent that

made Eddie roll his eyes. "I'll drink your death juice, senior! But only if you kiss me first!"

Eddie deadpanned. "Beep beep, Richie. I'm not kissing you. That's repulsive."

Richie shrugged a little, trying to keep the hurt from showing on his face. Of course Eddie wouldn't like him back. He was... he was Eddie! And Richie? He was a trashmouth. It was even his *nickname*. Eddie deserved somebody better.

*Shit*, he didn't know how much more medicine he could handle. He wanted this sappiness to go away already before he royally fucked things up with his best friend.

"You need to learn how to take a joke, Eds. Of course I don't wanna kiss you. Just messin' around, that's all. Gimme that." He took the medicine cup and downed it quickly before he said something else stupid. Which was a mistake. He gagged at the nasty flavor and shook his head. "Ugh! It's worse the second time! Doctah K, are you tryin' to poison me?"

"Shut up already and listen," Eddie began, but Richie could hear it in his tone. He wasn't about to let that kissing thing go.

"Weren't you saying something about medicine and rest? I've had the medicine, now bring on the rest! You know the way out, right? Or do you need an escort?" He wagged his eyebrows at Eddie, who put a hand on his shoulder to keep him from getting up.

"Don't you dare, Richie. It's bad enough you're getting your sick germs all over my bed. I don't want you running all over the house and touching everything," he ordered, shuddering a bit at the thought. At least the distraction worked. Way to go, Richie! Now if only he could get that stupid smile off his face, he'd be all right.

"Come on, Eddie Spaghetti, get out of here! The sooner you leave, the sooner your mom can come up here and give me some sweet, sweet lovin'," he teased, hoping the mom joke would work. Eddie usually got fed up with him after a few of those, and if there was any way to cover his sappy ass, that would be it.

Or, that was what he thought until Eddie grabbed his chin and made him face him. Richie was surprised to find his Eds looking noticeably more frustrated than usual and wondered what that was all about. He found out a few seconds later, and he wouldn't have believed it if it hadn't happened to him.

Eddie leaned down and kissed him. Even with the surgical mask between them, Richie could feel the blissful pressure from the outline of Eddie's lips, and he was pretty sure he was hallucinating. Hell, this whole thing was probably a fever dream, but that wasn't gonna stop him from kissing his Eds back.

"The sooner you get better, the sooner we can do that *without* the mask," Eddie informed strictly, breathing a little heavy and completely red in the face.

"Aw, Eds," Richie murmured, unable to keep the grin from his face, "you do care! I oughta keep ya! Be a good lad and marry me, would ya?"

Eddie rolled his eyes, but Richie could tell he was smiling. "Shut the fuck up and get some sleep already. You're going to make your throat *worse*."

"Promise I'm not already dreaming?"

"Would I be wearing a mask in your dream?"

"Fair point. Ten points to Doctah K! You'd be excellent at basketball." Richie sniffed a bit, wishing he could breathe through his nose.

Eddie laughed and shook his head. "You're not making any sense."

"Your mom's not making any sense!" Richie grinned when Eddie, still laughing, turned away to put the trashcan closer. Maybe this time he wouldn't miss.

His eyes began to droop against his will, even though he wanted to keep watching Eds fuss over him. He liked it. Being cared about. Being....

"Love ya, Eddie Spaghetti," he mumbled tiredly, the comforting fog of

sleep already beginning to engulf him.

Still, he felt it when Eddie bent over and kissed him again, and his lips were soft without the papery mask between them. "I hate when you call me that."

Richie's last thought before he fell asleep was how he'd never heard a sweeter way to say *I love you too*.

## 2. Sappier

Eddie Kaspbrak was cute, cute, *cute*. He was cute when he was flustered. He was cute when he was rambling about germs and infection and disease.

And he was pretty damn cute when he was sick.

Not that Richie Trashmouth Tozier would ever say that to his face. No sir, not in a million years, especially when it was his fucking fault that Eddie got sick in the first place. *"The sooner you get better, the sooner we can do that without the mask,"* Eddie informed strictly, *breathing a little heavy and completely red in the face.*

Eddie had said that. His Eddie Spaghetti. His Eds. He'd said that right after he'd planted a very papery kiss on Richie's mouth.

Now, Richie was a complete, totally whipped dork in love with his best friend. He'd imagined kissing him more than he would ever admit to anyone, even to Big Bill or Stan the Man or Bev over a smoke. He'd never tell Mike or Ben, and he *certainly* would never tell Eddie himself.

He'd thought about kissing him down in the Derry Barrens or under the Kissin' Bridge or on one of those nights when Richie climbed up to Eddie's window in the dead of night when his parents got too bad and he needed an escape. Eddie never made him talk about it; he just invited him into his room, into his bed, and "Beep beep, Richie"-ed him less than usual. Those were the times Richie had wanted to kiss Eddie the most.

But then the actual, honest-to-fucking-goodness kiss happened, and Richie was still reeling. He had to say, the hospital mask had been a surprise, but he wouldn't trade it for anything.

Unfortunately, Richie had been really sick and fevered and delirious.

Unfortunately, Eddie hadn't said anything about the kiss.

*Unfortunately*, Eddie was now sick, and it was kinda-sorta-definitely



his fault.

Which was why when Eddie turned up at his house and demanded to stay there the weekend, Richie agreed, no questions asked. He led Eddie up to his room, glancing behind him every now and then to make sure that the tiny boy was still following him. Eddie looked like hell, his skin slick with sweat and his eyes sallow, and when he paused at Richie's stairs and glared at them as though personally offended by their existence, Richie took pity on him.

"Come here, Eds." Richie stopped to lift him up in his arms, bridal-style, and that was how he knew Eddie was really bad. Not only did he not yell at him about the nickname, but he just curled up against Richie's chest, nose nuzzling into the crook of his throat.

Cute, cute, *cute*.

"You're so warm," Eddie murmured, shivering and trying to squirm even closer to Richie. "I'm so *cold*, Rich. Warm me up."

"Calm down, Eds! You're gonna make me fall down the fucking steps." He looked down at his friend worriedly. "You sick, Spaghetti Man?"

"Your fault," Eddie whined, but at least he stopped moving. "You made me sick. I knew this was gonna fucking happen, Richie, and now you have to get me better because my fucking mother will flip her shit, and I'll spent the rest of my life in a plastic fucking bubble, and it's all your fucking fault...."

Richie shifted Eddie so he could open the door to his bedroom, Eddie's words running rampant around in his brain. Sure, it probably was his fault. He'd convinced Eddie to take care of him when he got sick, but Eddie had been the best candidate. Nobody new medicine and disease like his Eds, no sir.

He settled the smaller boy in his bed and tucked him in snug, the way Richie's mom always used to when he was a little tyke. Eddie looked so tiny in his bed, so flushed, so exhausted. Richie rocked back and forth for a moment, watching Eddie groan and wriggled until he sighed into a comfortable position.

He could've gone anywhere. He could've gone to Bill's. Bill would know what to give Eddie to help break his fever. Or Stan! Stan would know what medicine would be best. And Ben! Ben would dote on him like a mother hen until Eddie could breathe properly again. Bev's place might not have been the best environment, so he could get that, but certainly *Bev* would've known the best way to make Eddie comfortable. Or Mike, good ol' Mike. His farm would've been out of the way, but the guy helped run a *farm*; he definitely would've known what to foods Eddie could and couldn't eat.

But Richie? Fuck, Richie could hardly take care of himself, let alone his favorite hypochondriac.

He stood there beside the bed for a moment, wondering what the fuck he should do. Fluids. Eds made him drinks lots of water and broth and Nyquil. He didn't think he had Nyquil, but he probably had the rest. He was about to turn when Eddie's hand shot out and grabbed his wrist.

"No," he mumbled, shaking his head.

"No what, Eds?"

"Stay here," Eddie reasoned, his voice at a higher pitch than usual. *Cute.*

"I gotta get you meds, Eds," Richie teased, grinning at himself for rhyming. Eddie either didn't notice or chose to ignore him.

"Your bag," Eddie mumbled, pointing weakly at the floor, where Richie's backpack could be spotted in the corner. Richie gave him a curious stare before walking over and opening his bag.

Nyquil. Two bottles of the shit. He raised an eyebrow at Eddie, who merely grinned adorably.

"I knew you were gonna make me sick," he explained, beginning to sound congested, "so I took the necessary precautions to make sure you were ready to take care of me. Not like you would know what the fuck to do. You can hardly take care of yourself."

"Ya know, Eds mah boy, you don't have a filter when you're sick?"

Richie mused, grinning.

"It's okay. I like it when you can't take care of yourself. I like taking care of you," Eddie carried on, ignoring Richie. His complexion suddenly went green, and he sat up suddenly. Richie rushed to his side, grabbed the wastebasket, and got it under his mouth before the chunks came. He didn't gag (his mom smelled enough like vomit half the time); he just brushed Eddie's sweaty hair off his forehead and braced him tight until Eddie slumped against him again, breathing heavily and close to tears.

"It's okay, Eds. I like taking care of you, too. I may be shit at it, but I like it." Richie reassured with a gentle kiss to his fevered brow. Eddie made a noncommittal noise that sounded relatively happy and relieved, so Richie took that as a good sign.

He settled the smaller boy back into the bed, wincing with guilt when Eddie groaned and whined. The moment Richie tried to walk away, Eddie grabbed him again, his desperate grasp strong and determined. Richie gave him a reassuring smile.

"I'm just gonna get you some water, Eds. That's all. Water and meds, and then I'll be back to cuddle all you want. Kay?" He felt his cheeks burn when he said it, regardless of how close the two of them were. Richie always loved to be touching Eddie-whether he was pinching his cheek or slinging his arm over his shoulder, or even just grazing the back of his hand with his own-and lately, those tiny touches had started to evolve into something more meaningful. He let those touches linger a little longer than he used to, but not too long because he never wanted Eddie to know how Richie felt. Getting a crush on your best friend was not cool; it could ruin everything, and a life without Eddie was worth keeping his trashmouth shut for once.

Then Eddie kissed him, and he'd had hope. *Then* Eddie didn't bring it up, and he lost hope. So if sick, fevered, delirious Eddie wanted to snuggle up to him, *no fucking way* was he gonna turn down the opportunity.

Richie ran down to the kitchen and poured a glass of water as quickly as he could and then raced back upstairs. Eddie hadn't moved. Not that he'd expected him to or anything, at least not in this state. He

hardly even turned his head to look at Richie when he entered.

"Hey, Eds!" Richie tried for optimistic, but he only managed to sound worried. Okay. He had to step it up. He cleared his throat, about to launch into his best impression of a sexy hospital nurse, when Eddie fixed him with a deadpan stare.

"Beep beep, Richie. I already have a headache. Medicine?" The cloud of disorientation had cleared for the moment, and he was not dealing with Richie's shit. Richie deflated a little, glad that his Eds was kinda back, and took him the water and the Nyquil.

Eddie watched Richie struggle with the child-proof cap for a moment, blinking thoughtfully. His brow was furrowed in cute concentration, as though making a strenuous decision. *How motherfucking precious*, Richie thought, finally getting the cap off and pouring some into the tiny cup on the lid.

"That's not enough."

Richie added a little. Eddie rolled his eyes and then looked like he immediately regretted it.

"*More*, Richie. Have you really never done this before?"

"I think I liked it more when you were clingin' to me helplessly like a dame," Richie mumbled in a quiet cowboy accent, splashing a little more into the cup to satisfy Eddie. He held out the cup, and Eddie downed the medicine quickly. When he started coughing, Richie handed him the glass of water.

Eddie hesitated. Richie sighed.

"It's a clean glass, Eds. I promise."

Eddie mumbled something, his cheeks flushed, and grabbed the glass. He sipped at the water, some of the tension leaving him at last, and handed it away again. By the time Richie turned back, Eddie's eyes were closed, and his lips were parted to help him breath without problem.

Richie should probably get him some tissues, but he wasn't sure they

had any. Toilet paper would do, right? He could already imagine Eddie's response. *I can't wipe my nose with your ass tissues, dipshit! Get me some real tissues!*

Eh, Eddie could deal with it. When his nose got *really* stuffed, he wouldn't care what the hell he was using. He left to get the toilet paper, and Eddie didn't reopen his eyes or grab at him again. Was he already asleep? Or maybe he didn't remember practically begging Richie to stay there with him.

Which was sad, but Richie wouldn't hold it against him.

He returned with the toilet paper and set it down beside Eddie's glass of water. The sleeping boy in his bed barely stirred; Richie wondered what he should do. Eds needed rest and fluids and medicine (or, so Richie remembered from when *he* was sick), and he had all of that now. What did he need Richie for?

Eddie's eyes slid open and narrowed into what resembled a glare but only made Richie's heart pound. *Too fucking cute.* He liked Sick Eddie. Sick Eddie was fucking adorable. He wished he could have Sick Eddie without the Sick part all the time.

"Get in the bed, dipshit," he sniffled, his nose screwing up in preparation for a sneeze that never came. He groaned, grabbed the toilet paper, and gave Richie a curt stare.

"Hey, it's all we have. Don't look at me like that." Richie fidgeted a bit, his eyes never leaving Eddie as the small boy tried and failed to blow his nose. "You sure you want me to stick around?"

"You said we'd cuddle." Eddie sounded really congested now, his voice all muffled and raspy, and Richie caught him casting a glance at the bottle of medicine. Richie slid it out of his reach. "Dammit, Rich, a little more wouldn't hurt...."

"I just figured you were kinda out of it," Richie confessed quietly, but that only seemed to piss Eddie off even more. .

"Do you know why I'm sick?!" Eddie yelled, trying to sit up in the bed. He cringed immediately, and Richie made him lay back down.

He continued to glower, his nose red, his eyes drowsy, and his hand gripping Richie's sleeve with a surprising amount of strength.

"Because of me?" Richie replied with a small grin. "Because you took care of me when I was sick."

"No, you fucking idiot. I'm sick because I kissed you while you were sick!" Eddie deflated a little, too exhausted to hold onto his anger. Richie took pity on him and slid into the bed beside him, an arm around his shoulder to tuck him nice and snug against his side. That was his favorite place for Eds-right there under his arm, where everything was in reach. His cheeks to pinch. His mouth to kiss. For now, Richie just pressed a small kiss to the top of Eddie's head.

"The hospital mask was in the way, though. Not a real kiss."

Eddie's face flushed, and he sniffled again. "I... I kissed you again, while you were falling asleep. You don't remember?" He sounded vaguely disappointed.

Richie thought back to earlier that week. He remembered the first kiss, definitely. The second, though? He'd been so fucking sure that it had been a dream. Eddie kissing a sick person on the mouth of his own free will sounded like like one of those fake headlines Richie liked to make up with his announcer Voice.

But here was Eddie, wearing an ill and hurt expression that Richie just wanted to get rid of as soon as possible, and he'd do it however he needed to. He settled for snuggling him close and pressing another kiss to the top of his head, and he felt Eddie relax some.

"Sorry, Spaghetti Man, I thought for sure that I'd been dreaming, and then you didn't say anything about it. I thought maybe you were just humoring a sick man's last wishes or some shit."

"You weren't dying," Eddie grumbled softly, tiredly. Richie pulled the blanket up a little further. This whole conversation was winding him up too much, and while it was cute as hell and Richie wanted answers, he could wait until Eddie felt better.

"We'll talk later. Get some rest, Eddie Spaghetti. I'll still right here

when you wake up," Richie promised, his voice low and quiet to keep from bothering Eddie's headache. Who knew that *Eddie* being sick would make him even sappier? He was *such* a goner.

"You know... I hate it when you call me that." But Eddie was smiling, curling up in Richie's arms like he fucking belonged there, and Richie was pretty damn sure that he did.

"Nah, you don't." Richie leaned down to give him a quick peck on the mouth, unable to resist, and Eddie hummed happily. He sighed in contentment, his eyes sliding shut as he pillowed his head against Richie's chest. Richie's heart thumped wildly, probably too loud, but he couldn't figure out how to make it shut the fuck up when Eddie was just being too damn cute for him to handle.

"... Nah. I don't."

And because he was his Eds, his Eddie Spaghetti, and because he was so fucking whipped by this adorable, sick boy... Richie would pretend like he'd never heard that.